











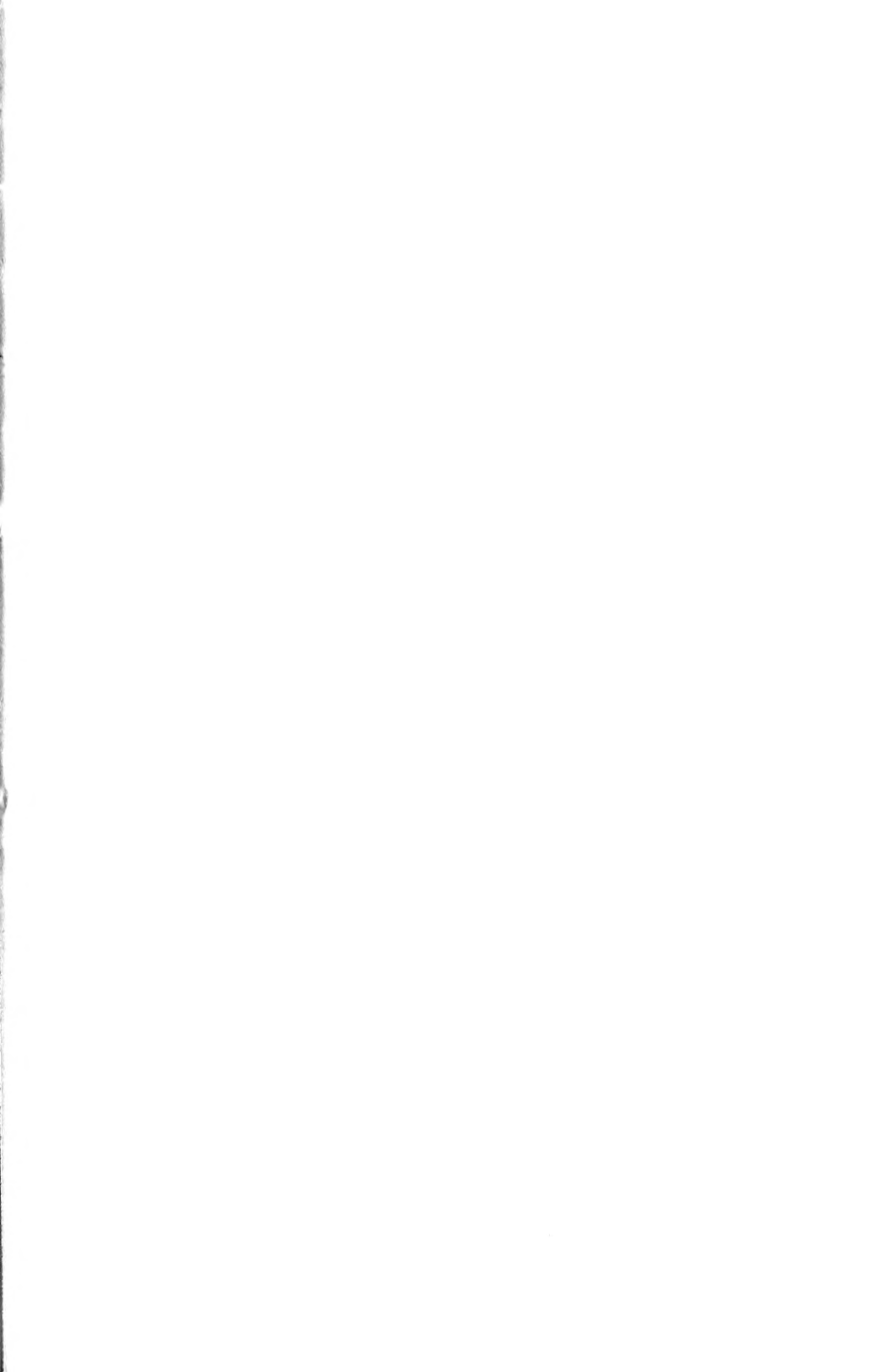




ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF COLONIAL  
WARS OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN. ✽ ANNUAL  
DINNER AT THE DETROIT CLUB, MAY THE  
SEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO. ✽  
BY THE REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D., CHAPLAIN.









# ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

OF THE

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

BY THE

REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.,  
CHAPLAIN.

ANNUAL DINNER AT THE DETROIT CLUB  
MAY SEVENTH,  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO.

1903.

WINN & HAMMOND,  
Detroit.



---

N the early days of our country, there were wars with the Spanish, French, and English. These wars were at stated periods, but fighting with the Indians was going on all the while. We fought with the Indians; but there were also Indians who fought for us. These were found especially among the Algonquins and their allies.

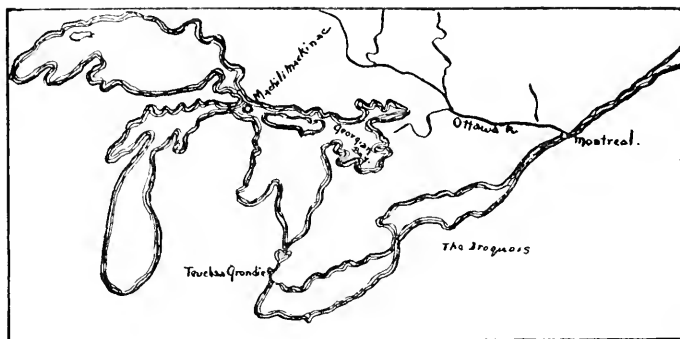
Tarhe or Crane, who served with General Harrison, had much to do with the defeat of Proctor on the Thames. He was the foe of Tecumseh, the Shawnee. He was against the Americans at Fallen Timbers in 1794, but later came to know that the Indian's welfare had better be trusted to the American people than to any other.

Another chief of commanding character was Leather Lips. He was devoted to the cause of his tribe, but when the time for conflict came, prudence tempered his policy and he was successful in staying open hostility; but his wide influence made him the object of jealousy, and by-and-by of intrigue. He was hated by Roundhead and the Wyandottes on the Detroit River, and was in the end slain on the Scioto near Columbus, where a granite monument has been erected to his memory.

Earlier in American history there was Cornstalk, who took the side of the Colonists at Point Pleasant in West Virginia. He was terrible in battle, and had a genius for strategy. The movement of his troops was like the wind; but he was too trustful of the white men, and his sad and ungrateful murder by

them in 1777 was the occasion of more bloodshed between the Ohio and the Lakes, and of more suffering in this region among men, women and children of both races than has since been known.

Adario was called by his own people Kondiarunk, but he was more frequently known as The Rat. Of all of the Huron chiefs, he was the first and best known as an example of leadership and sagacity, largeness of vision and noble purpose, and, towards the end of his life, of magnanimity of spirit. To him and his counsels were the first settlers upon the Great Lakes indebted, in more ways than one, for a successful occupation of that territory. His life, character, and achievements are worthy of the attention of the Society of the Colonial Wars in the State of Michigan. Even the romance and tradition with which they have been invested, may not fail to be of pleasing interest in our time and place, and quicken the spirit of sober research which has characterized the discussions and the papers of this Society.



## ADARIO THE RAT.

### I.

"Beside that broad but gentle tide,  
Where navies of the world may ride,  
There stood an Indian village,  
Algonquin huts and rustic tillage."

EUCHSA GRONDIE was the name of the Indian village which occupied the site upon which Detroit now stands. The river was called the Waweatunong, or the river that bends. At this point it turns in its course to the sea westward. This puzzles the voyager, who finds the pole star swinging over his head out of place, and thinks the okies are playing the mischief with the needle of his compass.

Of all the seasons of the year, June is here most beautiful—the moon of strawberries. Terrace upon terrace on the river's bank is festooned with the

bloom of flowers, and the air is laden with fragrance. Weebanawbaigs and white ladies flit through the air at twilight, and an azure hue is on the mist, as the panguks and ghosts of dead men rise on it, to cross the bars, guarding the radiance of the setting sun, now dropping into the land of the hereafter.

Here was once the peaceful and prosperous home of the Hurons, now scattered by their foes, the Iroquois, known also as the Long House or Five Nations. Since the Man of the Iron Hand, Tonti, had driven the Iroquois back, this paradise of the Hurons on the strait had been occupied from time to time, but only as a summer camping ground. It was now deserted. Rumors were abroad of the return of the hated Iroquois for another purpose than that of a second onslaught—it was for their help. A deputation was to come to urge them and others of the Algonquin allies to thwart the purposes of the French, who were maturing their plans for the seizure and occupation of the River of the Strait. A year before this very time the French had planted here the fleur-de-lis. Two companies, composed of English and Dutch, whose cause the Iroquois had espoused, had been intercepted on the river, as one coming from above and the other from below, travelled toward the spot they had chosen. They, as well as the French, well knew that Detroit would prove the gateway to the trade of the West, and its possession as a military post would be important.

Two Indians stood upon the bluff above the landing, scanning the horizon and watching the surface of the river, the younger, Neegi, cautiously asked, "If the white man is to build upon this spot, why may it not be the British rather than the Frenchmen?"



"No, no," replied his companion, Mugwa. "We love not the French, but they are our only hope against the knife and hatchet of the Long House." He turned his face towards the Island of the Swan floating in the stream, anchored there by the Sleeping Bear, to hide his daughters from their suitors. They were very beautiful, and the youngest, Wahbegounnee, the most beautiful of all, had been promised to the great chief, Adario, for his son, the day the Hurons should make Teuchsa Grondie their home again. Neegi was that son, and Wahbegounnee was now far away, living her child life in the solitudes of the Manitoulins. Messages were sent by her to the warriors of her tribe, and she had never as yet been seen by them. She was called their Josakeed.

Mugwa continued: "It must be, as the Sleeping Bear has said! The Mahnahbezee frowns! The Matchivato hovers near! The Keneu, the war eagle, has risen and not returned! Never can there be peace again between the Huron and the Iroquois. Adario's word is true, that the Huron can alone hope to possess this spot again as an ally of the King of France."

While the Indians were watching the enchanted island, which was gradually being enveloped in the darkness, they observed a group of canoes coming up the river. They contained the hated Iroquois, seeking a parley with the Hurons to awaken their hostility to the French. When they reached the landing, the shore was closely scrutinized. The tracks of the roebuck and wolf were there. But there were no signs of any human being having passed that way. Deserted fields were overgrown. The frames of the huts were demolished. There

was not even a trail to the river bank. They had captives of a neutral nation of Indians with them, who had refused to do their bidding and join them against the white intruders. When they reached the shore, the captives were pinioned and left underneath the embankment in the care of a guard. They were painted black, and doomed for the torture and the savage feast of the man-eater, with which they were too well familiar.

The course Mugwa and Neegi had decided upon was soon evident. They had come as advance scouts to learn the number and intentions of the Iroquois. They could not yield to their request: that would be counter to the command of their chief, and they knew that to deny it would be to share the fate of the neutrals just made captive.

As soon therefore, as the Iroquois weary with the day's journey were overcome with sleep, the two Huron scouts found their way down the bluff, where the ripple of the water was the only sound. When the watch was off his guard, Neegi crept cautiously to the nearest captive, cut the cords from his hands, left him a knife and such weapons as he could carry, and made him the sign, that the firing of the gun was to be the signal of the attack. This soon came with the shooting of the sentinel. It was followed by the yells of the released captives, leaping forward with their knives and clubs, as they fell on those who were lying in a circle around the fire.

After the slaughter one of the Iroquois was found wounded. Mugwa thought something was odd and yet familiar in his figure and movements. The released neutrals bound him and threw him into one of the canoes in which they themselves had been brought as prisoners. In these same canoes, all,

Mugwa, Neegi, the neutrals and the Iroquois, were soon upon their way up the river of the strait, to the little post of St. Joseph on Lake Huron. Mugwa tried to talk with the sullen Iroquois, but was given no reply. Who was this Iroquois?

## II.

“Never had vessel along this shore,  
Cleft these quiet waves before.  
No better craft was ever seen  
Than brave LaSalle's stout brigantine.  
And the ship that earned so wide a fame,  
Bore on the scroll, the Griffon's name.”

T was some years before the events of the last chapter that the ship whose keel first parted these waters came up from the Lake of the Eries. It crossed Lake Huron and touched the Island of the Great Turtle. It was of the most unheard of swiftness. It could go even against the wind. Some said it was bound for China, some for the Ind; some said it was for the killing of the red man; some said it was after peltries and for trade.

Not many months after this wonderful vessel had been first seen, and while it was still talked about, an Indian came ashore on a raft on the Georgian Bay. He told the Hurons of a little settlement there: that he was from the white-winged canoe which had been caught on the rocks near by. Near the end of Cape Hurd, surrounded by a group of islands, there is a natural harbor. For this harbor the vessel was evidently bound, but had failed to reach it.

Mugwa, for that was the Indian upon the raft, had been the guide of the explorers and traders upon the vessel. He told his people about its building, and its voyage across the Lake of the Eries, and up the river that turns at Detroit and over Lake Huron; the storms it encountered, the dissensions among its officers and crew, and the reluctance of the owner to

part with his ship at Green Bay and turn it over to the captain that it might be taken to Niagara. When he told of the stranded ship, he said that the captain, with part of the crew that he had not murdered, and with most of its treasures, had escaped. They were now on the Ottawa heading for Montreal. The captain was a thief, and had planned to take all that belonged to the owner of the ship; to run his vessel ashore and by canoes carry the cargo to some trading post. It was a bold undertaking, but nothing was too bold for the swearing saltwater pilot. Mugwa secured the assistance of the Indians. He wanted to pursue the captain and his crew. They were to have the booty; what he wanted was the pilot's scalp. He hated him for the sake of the owner of the vessel; he hated him for his cruelty to his men; he hated him for his meanness to himself. Now, as he was on the waterways of the upper route with which he was familiar, and the captain was not, he could take him by surprise and measure to him due punishment. But when he reached the Nippissing no trace of the pilot could be found and the pursuit was reluctantly abandoned.

In a great storm the vessel on the rocks had gone to pieces, broken spars and bits of sail had been found on the shores of the bay. The question mooted abroad was, "What became of the pilot Lucas?" A Sioux said he had seen Lucas in the Illinois country. A trader reported him as having reached the Hudson Bay. Another confidently affirmed that he had taken passage as a sailor, having disposed of his goods at Three Rivers. So many were the opinions that were current that it came to be believed that Mugwa had never seen him on shore at all.

As has already been observed, several years had passed since the disappearance of Lucas when the two scouts, Mugwa, Adario's friend, and Neegi, Adario's son, made the attack at Teuchsa Grondie and brought the neutrals, and the wounded Iroquois that had been spared, to Fort St. Joseph. This fort was on Lake Huron at the outlet of what is now the St. Clair River; it was of small importance and without any considerable garrison. To have made it a strong center would have been to weaken the fortifications at Mackinac, which possessed unusual advantages for defense. The time had now come to determine whether it could be maintained. If not, it should be burned, lest it fall into the hands of some of the rapidly multiplying bands from the Iroquois country.

Henry Tonti, who built the Griffon at Niagara, and who sailed on the vessel with its captain, Lucas, and its owner, LaSalle, was at Fort St. Joseph at the time when Mugwa came up the Detroit River with the capture he had made at Teuchsa Grondie. Mugwa related to Tonti his experiences since they had parted at the sailing of the white winged canoe, the Griffon, from Green Bay and Mackinac. Mugwa told of the September gale which carried the vessel on the Northeast course; of the wreck, and his attempted pursuit of Lucas, and of the pilot's possible adoption into the tribe of the Five Nations.

When the story was done, Tonti inquired: "Who is this Indian the neutrals have bound here? From a passing glance I should say this painted savage was the pilot Lucas, disguised as an Iroquois." Upon their seeking the captive they found he was gone. He had slipped the cords which bound him, eluded the watch and fled.

### III.

"His zeal for the public good was sincere, and this motive alone led him to break the peace made by the Marquis Denonville with the Iroquois."—*Charlevoix*.

It was not long after the escape of this suspected Indian from Fort St. Joseph that he appeared in the vicinity of the camp of Adario on Lake Frontenac. His part as an Iroquois chief had been well played. Mugwa, Adario's friend, had not recognized him. Why should Adario, changed as he was in dress and the manner of his life? He now tries his hand to get Adario to join with himself and his adopted tribe of the Iroquois against the French. This he was confident he could do now, notwithstanding a pledge Adario had given to the French that he would not oppose them. The disguised Lucas had learned that Onontio, the French Governor of Montreal, had made a treaty with the Iroquois without including in its terms the safety of the Algonquins. This would, of course, awaken the displeasure of Adario. He had been ignored by his allies the French, and for this reason was certainly free to be secured to serve the pilot's purpose. Never had there been such a chance for catching this general of the Algonquin Confederacy: never such a certain prospect for blocking the schemes of the King of France in his attempts to secure these lands and bring these western waterways under his control. And more than this, he was confident that by enlisting Adario on the side of the Five Nations, he would accomplish that which Big Mouth and Black Kettle and Broken

Arrow, the other chiefs of his own adopted tribe, had attempted in vain, and so would reach the summit of his ambition. He felt sure that his arguments were perfect and conclusive, and was confident his case would be won.

He found Adario and his trusted company of braves about him, not far from the St. Lawrence. He disclosed to him the information he possessed as to the weakness of the forces of the French at their various outposts, and also the desire of the Iroquois, that he would lend them his assistance once for all in ridding the country of its intruders. Adario promptly assured him that he wanted none of his advice, nor did he care for his company. How this disguised Indian was disposed of by those who listened to Adario's reply has never been told. They may, perhaps, have had him for their supper.

Adario had his own way of dealing with Onontio. He crossed the St. Lawrence, not to attack the French, but to lie in wait for the Iroquois delegation, now on their way to Montreal to confirm the treaty of peace, excluding the Hurons as proposed by Onontio. After waiting three or four days, the expected party was waylaid, and those who were not killed were made prisoners. The unprotected villages of the Long House were laid waste; none of the customary cruelties were omitted.

Upon the protestations that were made by the Iroquois, when they were attacked by the Hurons while at peace with them, Adario regretfully gave as his reason the fact that it had been instigated by the French. In proof of this he released his captives, all excepting one, and furnished them with food and ammunition, and wished them a safe return to their homes. The prisoner he retained was brought with



him on his return to Mackinac, where the Commandant who had not heard of the proposed peace between Onontio and the Iroquois, seized the prisoner, and after torture put him to death. This was witnessed by another Iroquois prisoner already at the post, who was by Adario suffered to escape, in order that he might carry the information and the impression conveyed by it back to the Iroquois. This would be a confirmation of the statement already made by Adario to the Iroquois as to the true disposition of the French towards them.

Not long after this, bands of Iroquois were organized as scalping parties and marauders, and they fell upon the settlements of the St. Lawrence River, carrying death and devastation before them. Never before had there been such a slaughter upon the banks of that river. Onontio learned his lesson. He learned that no treaty could be safely made by the French with the Iroquois that did not include the Hurons, and other Algonquins. He learned also that Adario had kept his promise, and that he had kept it in his own way.

#### IV.

"Not only the Sulpitians, but the Jesuits stood always in the van of religious and political propagandism, and all the forest tribes felt their influence."—*Parkman*.

NOTHER expedition was now set on foot for the possession of the strait, the gateway to the waters of the West. It was led by Cadillac, at one time commander of the post at Mackinac. He had returned from Versailles with the required commission and authority for making a permanent settlement. The old question was raised again: "Will it be permitted without dispute?" It will be disputed by the Iroquois who command the approach by the Niagara route.

It was early in June, 1701, that *Seur de Cadillac* left *La Chine*, near Montreal, for *Teuchsa Grondie*. He was about to ascend the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing and Georgian Bay, in order to reach Lake Huron; thence to go Southward and then to pass down the Detroit River. Prudence induced him not to take the course by way of Niagara, where the Iroquois were in force.

It is difficult to realize the importance at that time of the waterway of the Ottawa and Nipissing from the sea to the Sault. It was for nearly one hundred years before the time of our narrative, almost exclusively the only route used by the Indians of the lake country going to the sea or by white men going into the interior. There were many portages from river to lake, and from lake to river. The variety of scenery and the charm of widening streams and inlets

were in marked contrast to the monotony of the route by the two great lakes below.

Before Cadillac started, messages had been sent by the Iroquois as to the expedition that was being fitted out, to the tribes of the Algonquin Confederacy. The warnings which were sent were those of calamities sure to come to them from those voyagers, who were not simply to pass through their country for the Mitchisipi or Cathay, but for the purpose of a permanent settlement. If any white man was to occupy the Strait, they urged it should be the British, to whom the land had already been conveyed by the Iroquois. Surely the Algonquin and Iroquois were, by combining, strong enough to resist even this imposing fleet, or any force the King of France might send out against them.

A council of the tribes sought by the Iroquois was held on the Georgian Bay. To this meeting of the Algonquins the Foxes had come pledged to the confederacy of the "Long House." To these also the Pottawatomies were more than half won over. Their medicine men declared that with the crucifix and holy rite of baptism of the black gowns Cadillac would bring with him, their own power would soon be gone. Their appeal was to an ancestral faith. Already their divinities were displeased. The wrath of the great Michabou would be roused, and then what would become of them? The spirits of warriors gone to the happy hunting grounds were invoked, and at the repetition of their names signs of approval were apparent.

Another plea for the cause of the Iroquois and English came from the Ottawa Chief Le Baron, whose spies had followed Courtmanche, the Montreal emissary, exposing his intrigues among their tribes.

Space was then given for an answer, but there was no reply. The pause that followed showed that the spell of witchcraft had fallen on them, which must be broken by a power equally as strong. The Nope-ming-tah-she-nah of the bush sat as a rabbit on his haunches and his face on the ground, never fearful save in the presence of the sorcerer. No movement was visible excepting that of the curling smoke of the killikinick from their calumets. Then came one, two, and three hours of silence. This lasted until the sun went down.

As the twilight gathered and the prolonged silence hung over that grim and solemn circle like a pall, there came to this Manitoulin council the maiden prophet Wahbegounnee, known as the spirit child of the old Chief Adario, and had been called "the Lily," by the Sleeping Bear, her father, in acknowledgment of her grace and reputed origin—for she was said to have sprung, as a flower, from the water. As the human child is sometimes transformed to bird and beast and flower, so here there were retransformations from among things in the air and water, and beings like men appeared. Human habitation, she had none. She had been known to shun the approach of the young men of the forest, and when in vigil and solitude her sanctuary was invaded, she was borne away by unseen hands. Water spirits came at her bidding, and the loon diving far out into the bay would come up by her side in the rushes. The refrain of her song in the forest was that of the Monedo, the nymph upon the water.

"Ba bah wah she you nee gay  
Ba bah moo ah keng gay."

When she came to assemblies such as this, she had a clairvoyant power which gave her the interpretation of omens and made her a diviner of riddles. In the therapeutic art she was an adept. The mysteries in the keeping of the constellations she easily revealed. No such Jossakeed was there as the Lily of the Caniatare.

To this waiting council she had come serenely beautiful after her five days' fast. It was as if a this-tledown had been wafted over the hills in an evening breeze and had alighted among them. It was no wonder that the medicine man sat like a stone, and that the Wabano, the dark-visaged magician, pulled his blanket about his head, that he might neither see nor listen.

When at length she was in sympathetic accord with the circle of these grim and solemn auditors, and when, by the swaying of their bodies they were en rapport with her, she told of the tidings brought by the carrier dove sent by Neegi, of the capture that had been made at the Strait. Because of that capture, she said, the outpost for their own protection would be transferred from the ice and snow of Michilimackinac, to the land of bloom and song and sunshine, and that with the help of the pale face at Teuchsa Grondie, the dreaded Iroquois could easily be kept back beyond the Lake of the Eries.

There was, however, a power which the Lily wielded greater than that of magic. Those who were familiar with her childhood at the Strait could have told you she had received her training at the feet of the Meda of the Wabenong, the land of the East. A new spirit had come on her since the Father had called her child and had touched her brow with water, and given her the water. She wished

for all her race the benedictions that holy men could bring; and the teaching of the mastery of life; of the One who loved, more than any other, the suffering and the solitary. There was within her a strong mingling of the Christian faith and ancestral mythologies. This was why her visions had meanings none could fathom, and why her counsels were such no wizard could understand.

## V.

"Let us welcome then the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us."

T was now the time for Adario to speak. His wisdom, his age, and his tribal dignity entitled him to the last word. He felt that by his Josakeed, his cause was won. Speaking in measured tones, he related the horrors of the massacre of the Matchedash, and told of the time when Wyandottes by the thousands were destroyed and the blood of the slain stained the bank of these very shores as far as the eye could reach.

Then he asked the questions: "What Ojibway serves the Iroquois? Will he be servant to the wolf that has ravaged his home? Will he go on the war-path with the foe which has driven him from the land of the oak and the maple, from the trail of the deer and the plain of the buffalo? The 'Long House' cannot be trusted; nor can the Jeebi, or the Wendigoes help you. Well do you know that the Manitou which guarded the gates of the lakes at Teuchsa Grondie fell before the touch of consecrated hands. The idol was broken into fragments and its pieces, which you say were turned into myriads of serpents, could not ward from the Strait—with the wind moving as a hurricane—the winged Griffon which carried the great canoe across the waters and vomited smoke, and fire, and thunder. The incantation of the medicine lodge will not serve against the Mother of the Child, before whom the white man prays."

"This is why Cadillac is the Algonquin's friend, Nushka," he exclaimed as he pointed to the waters of the bay; "do you not see a portent of coming brightness? Dark clouds have lifted and are hastening away. Do you not see that the moon in its splendor has made a cross of silver, like that carried by Cadillac's long-robed priest? Do you not hear the tinkling of the bell for prayer, the pater and the ave of a vesper song?" \* \* \* As his voice gradually subsided they did, indeed, hear the sonorous lullaby of the mudwayaushka, the organ-tones of the waves, the clinking of the shingle spar on the shores and the echoes that seemed like voices on the reef, while the full orb of the moon shone out a clear witness to the prophetic counsel.

Onanguice of the Pottawatomies then arose. He wore upon his head the skin of a young bull. The horns hung down over his ears. His speech was deliberate and final. He said:

"Our counsel is the counsel given by the great Adario; that henceforward the confederacy of the Three Fires shall continue unbroken, and that the children of the French King shall be our allies. We shall follow the sign of peace and all that is good, the cross of silver carried by the friar, and Cadillac, the Algonquin's friend. From the Kikalamazoo to Michilimackinac we will, with the Hurons, seek the smiling waters of the heart-shaped Otisi-Keka and the vine-clad slope of the Waweatunong. Teuchsa Grondie will be our home."

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! was the response that went around the circle of those seated on the ground, and the agreement was ratified by the exchange of belts of white wampum.



Adario himself, however, did not go with Cadillac to Teuchsa Grondie, but many of his followers subsequently joined their fortunes with those of Cadillac, and helped again to people the shores of this river, whence they had been driven by the Iroquois. Within two years there were more than six thousand souls gathered at this point, the larger part of whom were Indians. They found in Cadillac a protector against their foes, the Iroquois, and they in turn lent their aid to protect the settlement.

Wahbegounnee, the daughter of the Sleeping Bear, was claimed as the bride of Adario's son, and they made their home on the Waweatunong.

## VI.

"Heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will, be bound our calm content."

N the balance of possibilities great events have often turned in history upon seemingly unimportant incidents. A city may be saved by the cackling of a flock of geese; a revolution may be precipitated by the delay of a belle on her way to a ball by a little mud splashing upon her stocking; a few drops of water on a field has more than once turned the results of a battle. We may easily fancy that a wave of Adario's hand, coupled with unseen formative influences still further back, may have had much to do in the determination of issues here on the waterways of the Great Lakes. European politics at this time entered as a factor in starting the expedition of 1701. A spirit of colonization was under way in two great empires. Both France and England had begun to compete with each other in a desire to rival the greater and dominant empire of the world, namely, that of Spain. New avenues of trade were sought, fields for traffic in their wares and for the purchase of fur.

By far greater than either of these, and of stronger influence, were the outstretching arms of the church. Father Caron, the grey robe, nearly a century before, and Braebeuf, the Jesuit, a score of years later, made possible the peaceful approach of the trader, and also of the settler who came after. The influence which prepared the way for each, that is the trader and the settler, each in his turn did his best, not to help, but to destroy. It was the Missionary that was the pioneer. The Missionary was

the benefactor of Adario, and of his father, years before. For in his father's time, before the Iroquois raid, there was as large a population between the Huron village on the Detroit River and the Georgian Bay, as there is to-day outside of its great cities. Indian towns of thrift were here, while order and industry prevailed. The church bells were hung in the tree, calling the children of the forest to prayer. The candles were lighted upon rude altars of stone, and the Aves floated upon the breezes among the pines. For twenty years the beneficent sway of the church was uninterrupted until the Iroquois swept down and the slaughter by thousands of these tribes began, and their scattered remnants found a refuge in the islands and inlets of the lakes. The profane historian tells us of the warrior going to mass, and his only apparel being a necklace composed of the teeth and fingernails of his enemies, slain in war. It may have been imperfect religion, but it was potent for good. It was the best religion of the time and place.

The red Indians about Cadillac were civilized, compared with the Indians before Caron and Braebef, who were not far removed from the beasts of the forest from which they traced their ancestry, and to whom they paid homage. Adario was a fair type of the Christian Indian of his day. His conversion had been brought about by Father Carheil of the Island of the Great Turtle. Adario said of the Holy Father that he was, next to Frontenac, the greatest man in America.

As our land has been indebted to Cadillac, so Cadillac was indebted to this Huron chief, and he in turn to the priest who prepared the way for the first steps of our civilization; and sad indeed it was

that at the hands of Cadillac the holy father received scant justice, and what was worse, the most persistent abuse.

The circumstances connected with the closing hours of Adario's eventful career were made memorable by writers of the time. As Cadillac went to Detroit, the venerable Adario continued his journey to Montreal to attend the great conference already arranged by Sieur de Courtmanche to conclude terms of peace between the government at Montreal and the Western tribes. Under the blinding sun of an August day, the red men of his confederacy were seated in a circle, smoking the pipe of peace and arranging the terms of a long-considered compact. It was a continuation of the council of the year before. Much depended upon what was to be done by Adario in his dealings, not only with the French authorities but the discordant elements and clamorous tongues of those who opposed his policy. The strain was severe for the aged man, but the battle was won. His tottering form was supported by young braves who stood on either side, until the wampum was exchanged and the treaty ratified. His last address, two hours long, was made by him seated in his chair, and then, as if to seal his life's work with the best that he could give, he bowed his head as the sun went down, and ere it rose again his spirit was carried to the happy hunting grounds.

The ceremonies attending his burial were most impressive. He lay in state on a scarlet blanket with his kettle, gun and sword. The procession of priests and public officials of Montreal, led by Saint Ours and the Governor, filled the public square. "Adario, the Rat, is dead!" was the feeling exclamation of

the great concourse of thirteen hundred savages of the council, as they mingled with the old soldiers of King Louis and the courier de bois from the Western solitudes. "Adario is dead—Adario, the Rat, is dead!" The Iroquois, who had been his deadly foes, were loudest in their praise. The requiem mass was said in the cathedral with all the splendor the cathedral could afford.

Had Adario been permitted to choose and record his last words, we believe that none would have expressed more fully the feelings of his heart than those written of his ancestral village and of his childhood's haunts by one of our poets:

"My song is ended, Happy Home;  
We love thee Teuchsa Grondie still,  
We love thee wheresoe'er we roam."

---

ARON LAHONTAN, who visited the region of the Great Lakes in 1688, wrote of extended conversations with Adario. One or two selections may be given from these conversations, as expressing the views entertained by him upon various subjects. They show that "the Rat" was somewhat of a philosopher.

#### WAR.

"The only thing that vexes and disturbs my mind is seeing men wage war with men. Our dogs agree with the Iroquois dogs. Those of the Iroquois bear no enmity to those which come from France. No animals wage war as man can. If the beasts reasoned, it would be an easy matter to exterminate the human race. If men were without faculty of thinking and arguing and speaking, they would not embark in unnatural wars as they now do.

#### MONEY.

"What you call silver is of the devil of devils, the tyrant of the French, the source of all evils, the bane of souls, and the slaughter-house for living men. To live in the money-country, and at the same time to save one's soul, is as great an inconsistency as for a man to go to the bottom of a lake and expect to preserve his life. Consider this, and tell me that we are not in the right of it, in reference to silver and such as look upon that accursed metal.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF NO LAWS OR KINGS.

"What sort of men must the Europeans be, to have no other prompter for avoiding evil than the fear of punishment? I call that creature a man that has a natural inclination to do good. We have no judges. We do not sue one another. We content ourselves in denying dependence upon any, save the Great Spirit, and as being born and free and joint brethren when you are all the slaves of one man. In earnest, my dear brother, I am sorry for thee, from the bottom of my soul. Take my advice and turn Huron."

#### UPON RELIGION.

"Are you mad? Dost thou believe us to be void of religion after thou hast dwelt with us so long? Dost thee not know in the first place, that we acknowledge a Creator of the Universe under the title of The Great Spirit, or Master of Life, whom we believe to be in everything and to be confined to no limits; that we own the immortality of the soul; that the Great Spirit has furnished us with a rational faculty capable of distinguishing good from evil, to the end that we might observe rightly the true meaning of justice and wisdom; that the tranquility and serenity of the soul pleases the Great Master of Life; that life is a dream and death a season of awakening, in which the soul sees and knows the nature and quality of things, whether visible or invisible? \* \* \* If your religion differs from ours, it does not follow that we have none at all."

#### UPON THE QUARRELS OF CHRISTIANS OVER THE KEYS.

"I am at a loss to know how to form a distinct idea of the difference between you and the English, as to the points of belief. For the more I endeavor to have it set in a clear light, the less light I find. To my mind the best way for you all, is to agree upon this conclusion, that the Great Spirit has bestowed upon all men a light sufficient to show them what they ought to do, without running the risk of being imposed upon. \* \* \* And I cannot dissuade myself from believing that since the Great Spirit is so just and good, it is impossible that his justice should render the salvation of mankind so difficult that all of them should be damned that are not retained to your religion, and that only the possessors of that, should be admitted into Paradise. All our knowledge amounts to this; that we human beings are not the authors of our own creation; that the Great Spirit has vouchsafed to us an honest mould, while wickedness nestles in germ, and that he sends you into our country, in order to have an opportunity of correcting your faults and following our example."



PD 114













Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: 11-16-2007





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 744 229 7